UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Why the Church?—Replies and Comment

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

The Trend

By JOHN J. WILSON

The Unnatural Man

A Play in One Act

By JAY G. SIGMUND

Free Our Political Prisoners

Poems by:

ROBERT K. HAUSER
E. MERRILL ROOT
RALPH CHEYNEY

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIV. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1929 NUMBER 2

A MESSAGE FROM MAHATMA GANDHI

Let not the twelve million Negroes be ashamed of the fact that they are the grandchildren of slaves. There is no dishonor in being slaves. There is dishonor in being slave-owners. But let us not think of honor or dishonor in connection with the past. Let us realize that the future is with those who would be truthful, pure and loving. For as the old wise men have said, truth ever is, untruth never was. Love alone binds and truth and love accrue only to the truly humble.

—*M. K. Gandhi,* in the *Crisis.*

Sabarmati, India.

There is something infinitely pathetic about the passing of summer. The flowers begin to fade, the leaves to flame in one glorious blaze of color and then to fall in ashes to the ground, the birds one by one to disappear, and then the cold luster of the stars to drive away the warm and fragrant nights. It seems like the passing of life, and the coming of death. One knows that, in a few months, the beauty of sky and sea and meadow will all be back again; but one also wonders, at least at our time of life, if one will surely be here to behold the returning pageant of the season. Yet are there compensations for the cold and storm of winter. Man has not left himself desolate, whatever the decree of nature. For in winter there are the sealed windows and the locked doors, the quiet of the blazing hearthfire, the love and comradeship of friends. There are books to read in the long evening hours, and pleasant games to play. Those of us who live in cities will be sitting in theatres again, waiting that magic moment when the curtain rises. We shall be listening to the violins and trumpets of the orchestra. We shall be heeding the wise words of teachers, and learning again the inspiring uses of the church. One wonders how, in lands where it is summer all the time, men ever found the shelter of home, or learned the blessings of kin and friends, or built any of the abiding institutions of civilized society. Is it not winter that by its very chill draws us near to one another, and by its bare and somber days moves man to create from out himself the things of worth and beauty which nature has denied. These are perhaps vain speculations—or questions to be answered by the trained historian and sociologist. What we seek in such thoughts is comfort for the passing of the pleasant summer, and we find it in consideration of those activities which man has fostered when, amid dead leaves and under chilling skies, he turns from nature to himself.

The more the riots in Palestine are pondered, the more it becomes evident that they were not merely riots. They were the uprising of a people under the provocation of what they regard as outrage and tyranny. At the bottom of all this hideous disturbance, in other words, is not religion, nor anti-Semitism, nor even anti-Zionism, but political agitation and revolt. For the Arabs have a national movement of their own. This movement burst into flame during the Great War in the form of a demand for the establishment of an all-Arab state in the Near East. Fostered by the Allies strictly for war purposes, it was then deliberately flouted and defied in the peace treaties. Scattered and stamped upon, the embers of nationalism still smoulder in the Arab heart, ready at any moment to burst forth into conflagration. More particularly, in Palestine, the Arabs have the grievance of a denial of self-government. Under the English Mandate they have lost even that measure of local political autonomy which they enjoyed under the regime of the Sultan. This grievance is as tinder to any spark that may be struck by the friction of racial contact, as, for example, at the Wailing Wall. "What we see in Palestine, writes to this office a distinguished Jewish leader in Jerusalem, "is not riots by bands of brigands, but a widespread national movement—the rising of a colonial people in its fight for liberty. And we (the Jews of Zion) are the victims." What is needed in Palestine is statesmanship of the highest order. To the Arabs, in Zion is the occasion of their denial of liberty and self-determination. It should no longer be left in such an equivocal position. The safety of Zion is not inconsistent with Arab rights. The two interests are coincident not contradictory. Jew and Arab must live together in equal freedom, and together must find the way to peace.

It is not to be wondered at that Philip Snowden has been acclaimed in England with estatic rapture for his great victory at the Hague in the European conference on the Young Plan. It must be disconcerting

to a Socialist to be so popular, to say nothing of being compared to Disraeli, the Earl of Beaconsfield! But Snowden deserves his laurels, for what he did was to restore Great Brritian to independence of her long diplomatic servitude, and incidentally to win the greatest triumph of international statesmanship in modern times. The degrading subjection of the British Empire to her European associates, more especially France, had endured so long that it was actually forgotten. At the very beginning of the century, Sir Edward Grey, following the example of Balfour before him, entered into "conversations" with France on matters which concerned only the interests of France. In 1912, these "conversations" were developed into an informal military alliance with France, long and shamelessly denied by its makers, under the terms of which England bound herself to do all sorts of things for her ally, and asked for nothing in return. When the Great War came in 1914, England found herself so tangled up in the fetters of these obligations that she was not only unable to stop the hideous conflict, but was herself unable to stay out of a fight in which she had no interest of any kind. The fine frenzy over Belgium was all "sound and fury signifying nothing." England went into the War because she was the tail to France's kite, and had to go! For four years in that War, England fought France's battles, at a cost of a million men killed and untold treasures of wealth forever lost. In the peace after the War the English representatives were cowed or browbeaten by Clemenceau into a treaty which shamed England's honor and betrayed her interests. In the decade since the peace, England has trotted along after France, like Mary's little lamb after Mary, and has done everything exactly as she was told by her continental ally. For ten years England has had no will nor way of her own; she has been used and abused by France, as a strong man is so often used and abused by a fractious, hysterical, selfish wife, who whimpers and whines in her familiar "baby" act until she gets what she wants. Now comes Snowden to end all this! At one stroke, he puts France in her place, restores England to dignity and self-respect, and saves the world from the consequences of a French policy leading inevitably to war. Snowden had no air of the peace-maker at the Hague. But he did more for peace, as well as for his own country, than any other statesman of our time.

Ramsay MacDonald's oration at the opening of the League of Nations session this month was a great and memorable achievement. It showed the British Premier at his best—the master of the platform rather than the council-room, the prophet more than the man of action. Two portions of this deeply moving address were of especial interest to UNITY. The first was the plea of Mr. MacDonald that the Kellogg Peace Pact should be entered into the "constitutions and institutions" of the world, and that, as an initial step to this great end, Articles XII and XV of the Covenant of the League be revised on the basis of the new Pact pledging the nations to the renunciation of war. From the very beginning, as our readers know, we have been opposed to the League of Nations primarily because of the defects now emphasized by the English Prime Minister in these two articles. We have insisted that, so long as these Articles remained unchanged, the League would be an instrument of war, and not of peace, and thus the convenient tool of the imperialistic governments which dominate its council and control its action. If America joined the League under Articles XII and XV, she would simply be one more member of a gigantic war-alliance. Hence we have been opposed to this country's accepting the Covenant. In this opinion we are now sustained by Mr. MacDonald. *He* wants these Articles changed in the interests of peace, and he points out that the Briand-Kellogg Treaty shows the way. In other words, this Treaty should be incorporated in the League Covenant. Let this be done, and we withdraw our opposition to the League *instanter!* The second portion of the address of prime interest to UNITY, was Mr. MacDonald's proclamation of a new doctrine toward the Orient—the doctrine, namely, that the interests of peace require that the West shall not delay in recognizing and accepting the nationalist renaissance of the East. His specific application of this doctrine was to Egypt. But China immediately applied it to herself when her delegates at Geneva broke into loud applause of Mr. MacDonald's statement at this point. Why should India not do the same? Personally we find it impossible not to believe that the British Premier had India as well as Egypt in mind when he enunciated this acceptance of the claims of the East to independence. Hence our hopes are high that Mr. MacDonald is going to find the way of working with and not against Mahatma Gandhi and *Swaraj*.

It is significant that the American press could see nothing in Mr. Briand's plea at Geneva for a "United States of Europe" but a movement of retaliation against our new protective tariff law. In these days of growing internationalism, we have a bad conscience on this tariff question. Knowing that we deserve retaliation, we are of course suspicious and fearful. So Briand's proposal is interpreted as simply a clever move to meet our tariff extortions on their own ground! If it were this and nothing more, we should still be glad. The proposed new tariff, now before the Senate, is so abominable—so selfish and dastardly a blow against the happiness of peoples so less fortunate than ourselves—that we can think of nothing more completely satisfactory and satisfying than a union of

these weaker neighbors to the end of giving us tit for tat. But Briand's plea involves statesmanship wider and higher far than any involved in a mere tariff war. A curious mixture of idealism and opportunism, the French Premier sees, with the clearness of true prophetic vision, that there can be no prosperity and peace in Europe until the rivalries of nations are absorbed and ended in an international union, or federation, of which the United States may be taken as an example. He also sees, with the astuteness of the politician, that this present moment, which beholds already far advanced the breakdown of the Versailles Peace, may be just the moment to begin at least the work of unity. A revision of the 1919 Treaties is surely imminent. The persistent rumor that Mussolini is preparing to put himself at the head of the late enemy nations to demand this revision, has great significance. In one way or another, revision has got to come! And how can it come better than through a vast constructive scheme for the federation of the European states? The fulfilment of such a grandiose idea may be a long way off. But think of what it means when one of the older statesmen of Europe, the head of the government of militaristic France, begins to talk about such a thing!

One of the most amazing things yet achieved, or attempted, by Soviet Russia, has just been officially decreed by the Council of Commissars. It is nothing less than "the nationalization of Sunday"—the sweeping away of all distinction between sacred and secular days, and the establishment of an unbroken seven-day week. Thus, the decree of the Commissars provides that there shall be 360 working days in the year instead of the former 300. From the beginning of the fiscal year on October 1st, all factories, shops, cooperative enterprises, etc., shall be open every day without interruption. Work shall be arranged on the basis of regular "shifts," each worker or employee getting thirty-six hour holiday once every seven days. This holiday period shall be constant for each worker—that is, A shall have, say, Wednesday afternoon and Thursday free every week, B Thursday afternoon and Friday, and so on. Sunday shall be like every other day, a day of work for all but the group of workers whose release chances to come at that time. As this same system is to apply to schools, one may imagine what enormous changes will come to the family life of Russia, and indeed to the whole social economy of the nation. *Pravda,* the great Moscow newspaper, declares that this new seven-day week will accomplish three great purposes. First, it will cut down unemployment, now a serious problem in Russia as in England, by not less than 25 per cent. Secondly, it will greatly increase the total volume of national production. Thirdly, it will strike a deathblow at religion by eliminating Sundays and other church holidays. This last feature is by all odds the most interesting of the three. Here is a real opportunity to test the vitality of religion—whether its observance depends upon the sanctity of a day, or a book, or an institution. In our western world, the Sabbath is being lost not at one stroke but by a natural process of social evolution. This obviously means the passing of the old, sanctimonious, pietistic religion of rites and ceremonies, but not the passing of religion itself in any true and high sense. Our own guess is that this Soviet decree will shake superstition in Russia like an earthquake, and at the same emancipate real religion.

Why the Church?—Replies and Comment

In the correspondence columns of this issue there will be found letters from three church leaders replying to the query advanced in UNITY last spring, "Why the Church?" The original article under this caption was intended simply to raise the question, and replies were invited from any who might be disposed to offer them.

The three letters printed in this issue are notable on several accounts. The personnel is highly significant. Dr. Wilson is the outstanding leader of the Country Life-Country Church movement, and has been that for 20 years. The movement to reclaim the rural church, universally recognized to be in decay, has, conspicuously under his inspiration and leadership, spread to all of the larger and among several of the smaller denominations. Mr. Weist is a leader in the Community Church movement, though he is the faithful and much beloved pastor of a denominational church sufficiently orthodox to be in good and regular standing in the Congregational denomination. He is a member of the board of directors of the national Conference of Community Church Workers. Mr. Fairley is the pastor of a notable community church, independent of denominational control or connection. He is an outspoken humanist, and is so liberal in his "theology" as to be said, from the point of view of theological orthoxy, not to have any theology at all.

This is not, therefore, a packed jury. Here is the ministerial mind as nearly liberated from sectarian or ecclesiastical bondage as is likely to be found. If these men find reason for the church, there is reason. The ministerial mind cannot likely be more cogent.

Do they find adequate, conclusive reason? Is the ministerial mind cogent, functioning at its best, in dealing with our question?

In a later issue correspondence will be presented which shows the play of a different type of mind. Different conclusions are reached. The total correspondence will necessarily raise the question as to how far the professional ministerial mind can be recognized as capable of cogent reasoning on a question like this. When the *raison d'etre* of a social institution is under consideration how far can the judgment of the professional group who live and move and have their being in that institution be trusted to deliver the final verdict? Does not the necessary pre-judgment of such minds inevitably shade off into prejudice?

Dr. Wilson's attitude gives particular point to this question. He discounts if he does not disallow the judgment of the "outsider." This is often the attitude of the professional religionist. The ancient Greek Mysteries were built upon this thesis: only the initiated can know, and only they have a right to judge of the merits of the institution. This spirit is regnant in the Roman Catholic Church, and has dominated many religious cults in many eras.

It is finally the banishment of reason in dealing with religious institutions. Dr. Wilson himself goes that length in his closing sentence: the church "is destiny for many of us, and the reasons for the church are beyond a satisfactory analysis." There is nothing to be said after that, nor is it clear that anything worth the breath may be said before. Reasoning, the weighing of failure against success, the scaling of efficiency, the scrutiny of aims and methods and causes and results,—all this is finally futile, since the conclusion is destiny, *"deus vult,"* revelation impervious to human ken or alteration.

Such an issue will raise question in the lay mind as to whether the ministerial mind is capable of the appraisal suggested in our original inquiry. Dr. Wilson has been a devoted student, for at least two decades, of the area where the ecclesiastical program has most conspicuously broken down. The debacle has not been redeemed; only in isolated localities has it even been checked. Yet these facts cannot have determinative significance to minds in Dr. Wilson's attitude. "Destiny" is impervious to facts. The church survives not because it succeeds, not because it does the business for which it is appraised, but because it must. Destiny demands it. *Deus vult.*

Mr. Weist's statement demands scrutiny which there is much too little space to give here. He bases his conclusions upon a number of unproved theses. He starts very far this side of the beginning, and he ends where fewer and fewer of either scholars or practical folk of today are enthusiastic about landing. Church unity is to be a great boon, and will be a determining factor in saving the church. But is it, and will it? Neither experience so far attained nor reasoning into the future of a democratic society is assuring. Many both inside and outside of the churches are coming to believe that church union is a fetish which will only reveal its vapid character in its realization, — assuming an imagination sufficiently elastic to conceive the possibility of realization. After Mr. Weist's statement that the movement for church unity is actually making progress, there remain, therefore, two questions. Can the end ever be attained? and, should the achievement be found possible, would the church be any nearer vindicating its right to be?

Mr. Weist implies partial answers to the second question in his point number two. He assumes what is less and less conclusive to outstanding critics of today, both scholastic and pragmatic. Jesus is doubtless all to Mr. Weist which he claims that he is. But Mr. Weist and all other thoughtful persons must have become conscious that beyond the vague phrases which now constitute our religious patter, there is less and less prospect of unanimity as to who Jesus was or is, what his teachings were or are, how far his personal or institutional influence has swayed history or is likely to sway the future.

When the same generation can produce two such biographies of Jesus as those of Papini and Bruce Barton, each of the authors being entirely serious in their work and firmly believing themselves to be veracious in their representations; when that same generation can flood the bookstalls with a perfectly bewildering number and variety of other biographies, many almost as different from either of these two as the two are different from each other; when each of this medley of authors is wholly serious about his effort correctly to reveal and interpret the character and teachings of Jesus; then this phenomenon alone must leave every unbiased, pragmatic mind in some despair of the success of an institution which, according to Mr. Weist's prescription, is to be little more or less than the expression of Jesus' character and teaching. It is no irreverence to suggest that his formula resembles the recipe for rabbit pie, except that he seems quite unconscious that the cook must first catch the rabbit. One certainly has large capacity for unreckoning faith who discovers prospect of building a successful social institution upon foundations not so gravely unstable as impossible even to locate.

Mr. Fairley's statement is manifestly not intended to be exhaustive. He is, indeed, little more than casual. His one point is the function of the church in fostering the prophetic office. But he also deals in assumptions. He states as accepted fact what many will question with varying degrees of finality. He himself would probably agree, though he declares that "many" churches do not suppress their prophets, that

these "many" are still a minority. If producing prophets is the crowning function of the church it is falling far short of the acme of success.

But his main thesis will be vigorously questioned. At best, it will be said that the church is "also present" when prophets arise. The church has somewhat less than nothing to do with producing them, in that it attempts and in the majority of instances actually succeeds in suppressing them.

Besides, will it not also be said with much reason that the number produced are far too small a product to justify the labor and expense of the ecclesiastical process? The mouse is not worthy of the mountain's travail. In ancient China, legend avers, a peasant's house was accidentally burned, and so quickly consumed that the household's litter of pigs was unable to escape. In poking among the smoldering embers the peasant's hand came into contact with a roasted pig. Instinct caused him to thrust the burned finger into his mouth. The flavor was so tasty that he lost no time in devouring the savory carcass. Thenceforward for generations houses were resolutely burned down to insure the feast thus inadvertently discovered. Producing prophets by the ecclesiastical method is in no way short of calamitous in some of its consequences. Will not wiser generations arise who will get their prophets by less tragic means? There are more economical methods of securing roast pig than burning the house down over the litter.

Mr. Fairley uses very general terms. He refers to "many and conspicuous prophets," as though their number and the evidence of them were obvious. There will be general query as to the list of names which he might draw up. Who are these many and conspicuous prophets functioning under ecclesiastical sanction in American society today? The sole name he calls is that of Bishop McConnell, one which hosts of forward-looking citizens have delighted to honor. But it was only a short while ago that I attended a conference whose climax the appearance and address of Bishop McConnell was to be. The Bishop was applauded roundly enough, but I observed a group passing out who had known him in the great days of his flaming prophethood, and I noted their shaking heads and muttered lament that the glory had departed since the McConnell they had known had become Bishop and President of the Federal Council. The church has a fatal skill in encysting prophets whom it does not cast out, against the contagion of their spirit and the spread of their fire. The ecclesiastical order still slays its prophets, or, a not less effectual disposal, buries them alive in its own organism. Mr. Fairley has asserted his thesis but it does not appear that he has proved his point. He has rather taken for granted what is most seriously questioned.

The trio of choice spirits whose letters are printed in this issue make the more impressive the case which they have not made out. And if these things are done in the green tree what shall be looked for in the dry? One can scarcely expect to hear a clearer testimony from the ministry; certainly one must despair of assembling finer spirits than these three. Yet they have all assumed what the lay mind is calling into most serious question.

In a later issue of UNITY another group of letters, from a different type of mind, will further illuminate our inquiry.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

The Trend

The chronicles of the human race, in carrying us back to the first sign of man's intelligence, give evidence of a war on intoxicating liquor as one of the most prominent movements of social reform.

From the time of the earliest record until a decade ago, there was a gradual gain in the strength of those who recognized the devastating effect of liquor. In this increasing strength they were able to place their opponents on an ever-weakening defensive until in 1918 when, by an overwhelming majority, the United States was voted a "dry" country.

The offensive war waged by the Prohibitionists up to this time was based on the one thought expressed, after a manner, by the wording of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. The passing of such a law, by one of the leading nations of the world, was considered by the Prohibitionists, to be a victory which would end the war on liquor for good and all. There would be no further need of organization or educational work against the "wets." Such was their natural respect for law that, in the minds of the mass of voters, the question was settled for all time.

It is true that a great victory had been won by the "dry" forces, but it was merely the winning of the first real battle of a long-drawn-out war. Instead of peace we had simply an armistice. This armistice lasted only a short time, but in that time the "wets" found opportunity to reorganize their forces and change their tactics. The passing of the Eighteenth Amendment, in other words, saw the end of a defensive program of the Anti-Prohibitionists, and the beginning of a strong offensive backed by money, brains and an utter disregard of law.

This disregard of law was allowed to pass almost unnoticed in the weakness and compliance of a purely political presidential regime which by its very supineness gave power and momentum to law-breakers of every type. Criminals all over the country took advantage of the opportunity to organize under leaders with brains and money. Every form of crime from larceny to murder, dope-peddling and liquor-smuggling

came under the supervision of these gang leaders, who not only guided the criminals but paid able lawyers to defend the ones who were caught in the net of the law.

The liquor interests, in their propaganda, blame this condition upon the Prohibition laws. There is just enough truth in such an assertion to make their propaganda seem reasonable to those who are only half-hearted in the fight. The real truth of the matter lies in the ineffectual methods of the government in enforcing the laws back of which is the apparent indifference of the mass of voters who gave us the Eighteenth Amendment.

The propaganda of the "wets" has been carrying the fight right to their enemy ever since the closing of the saloon. Such cases as the shooting of Henry Virkkula furnished sob-stories for the "wets." These stories have placed the Prohibition-forces, yes, even the laws of the United States, very much on the defensive. There is in the present "wet" offensive no thought of public welfare nor consideration of our fellowmen. Its strength is drawn from the criminally inclined of the whole world. According to the laws of our country the liquor interests have no more cause than have their associates, the dope-peddlers. Both are outside the law, and any propaganda which will help them avoid or repeal the laws is an effort to assist criminals.

The war today is not simply that of the "wets" against the "drys" but a war of criminals in all branches of crime against the supporters of the Constitution of the United States. On one side we have a well-organized force with criminal intentions, guided by men with brains and backed by millions of dollars. On the other side we have a once victorious organization that went to sleep after its first real victory.

The huge proportions of the liquor traffic in defiance of all sense of loyalty to our country is proof that some definite action must be taken soon. Our northern border from Detroit to Buffalo is furnishing front page copy for all the newspapers. The coastal states are as wet as their criminal inhabitants want them to be. Along the Mexican border even a stranger has little trouble finding a drink of intoxicating liquor. Also there are the productions of rye, corn and lye liquor made in many inland sections. So strongly are the "wets" attacking at all points that even the quite evident sincerity of the statements of a vigorous and decisive President seem slow to have an effect.

Few of our countrymen are fanatics. We are governed in most things by a minority, and we hear only the words, see only the acts of the minority. The mass of voters who gave us our "dry" laws woke up last fall long enough to show that there was no change in their desire for a country without alcoholic liquor. That is suffcient answer for a government that is representative of the people it governs.

JOHN J. WILSON.

The Unnatural Man

A Play in One Act
By Jay G. Sigmund

Characters

Jesus of Nazareth
Mary ..... *The mother of Jesus*
Joseph ..... *The father of Jesus*
Joses ..... *The brother of Jesus*
Shastar ..... *The wife of Joses*
Elizabeth ..... *The sister of Shastar*
Peter ..... *The disciple of Jesus*

Time

A few months before the crucifixion of Jesus.

Place

The carpenter shop of Joseph and Joses and the grounds which lay between the shop and the two cottages, one of which is occupied by Joses, his wife and sister-in-law, Elizabeth, and the other by Joseph and Mary, the parents of Jesus.

(The curtain rises and shows the carpenter shop of Joseph and his son, Joses. The shop has a long work-bench and the floor is covered with shavings. Joseph, a bent, gray bearded man, is sawing a timber. Joses, a stocky, black-bearded man, is planing a plank at the work bench. The shop is open but for the roof, and looks out into the open yard. In the background are two cottages. A road leads into the yard. Both men are attired in coarse robes and wear sandals.)

JOSES: So it is this day that thy son, my brother, comes to visit us?

JOSEPH: Yea, Joses, and I hope that thou art glad in thy heart.

JOSES: Glad in my heart? Yea, but at the same time troubled.

JOSEPH *(in surprise):* Troubled? Why speakest thou so?

JOSES: Thinkest thou not that we should be anxious over the strange ways of Jesus? He has learned the trade of his father, yet forsakes it to wander about the land, followed by twelve vagabonds. He is of the age when a man should take a wife. He is never seen with women. He follows no trade or business. He talks too much, and dreams in daylight. His conduct seems most unnatural.

JOSEPH *(with a worried expression):* Talk not thus, my son. True, I had hoped thy brother would choose to remain with us, but when he was only twelve years old the wise men in the temple told us he would be a great teacher, a prophet. It has come to pass. It is for me, his father, and thee, his brother, to labor with the adze and plane. But Jesus, he is of different mold.

JOSES: I have little faith in his dreamer's ways. I care not who the man, I think the hands were made for toil. What does it profit a man to go the breadth of the land prating of things seen only by the prophets, when there are sills, good cedar sills, waiting for the workman?

JOSEPH: It is not for thee or me to say, Joses. Thy mother is more patient and discernest more. She has great hope for thy brother.

JOSES: Ah, a mother is blind. But I am a man of the world. I know a man's needs. When a man is his age he should turn to a woman and real work. Think of him, and this band of ragged fishermen and

nobodies at his heels, going from village to village, and in most places consorting with cripples and beggars. I tell you, it is unnatural. I am ashamed for him.

JOSEPH: I fear for him, not for what thou sayest, but I hear the people follow him everywhere and this enrages the Scribes and Pharisees who are powerful in affairs of government. Many have been put to death for even less. I fear for him. *(Shakes his head sadly.)*

JOSES *(going to Joseph's side and speaking excitedly):* I have talked this morning with Shastar and, with the usual wisdom of women, she has made a plan. It is plain my brother should find a mate. That, and that alone, will make him forsake his band of ragged vagabond followers and take to honest work. Elizabeth, the sister of Shastar, who abides with us, is passing fair and near my brother's age. When he comes today let us leave them much alone. Let us save my brother.

JOSEPH *(in great surprise):* What sayest thou, Joses? What manner of woman can thy wife, Shastar, be that such a thing take place in her brain? Nay, it must not be. Thy mother would swoon if she but heard thee.

JOSES *(tactfully):* I am not saying my brother will fancy this maid, or any. She is comely and a virgin and her father is a rich merchant. I only say that my brother may be at the time of life when his thoughts turn to women. It is for him to say. I will let him see Elizabeth. I have told her of him. There can be no harm in that. My mother need know nothing of what is in my mind.

JOSEPH *(still unconvinced):* But one who follows the path of the prophets has no need of a wife, much less desire for one. For thee a wife is as necessary as an axe or plummet, but thou rememberest what the wise men in the temple said when thy brother was twelve years old.

JOSES *(observing that his father was yielding to the scheme):* Leave all to me and put away thy worries.

(Enter Mary, the mother of Jesus. She comes out of the door of one of the cottages and looks down the road. A glad cry escapes her, and she runs toward the carpenter shop crying: He comes! He comes! My Son!)

MARY *(when she reaches the shop):* Joseph, my husband! Joses, my son! He comes, Jesus!

JOSES *(going to the yard and peering down the roadway):* Ah, it is indeed he!

JOSEPH *(peering toward the yard):* Yea, he comes.

(Jesus comes into the yard. His robe is covered with dust, and he walks wearily. As he approaches, he smiles, a wan smile, and stretches out his arms toward his family, in greeting.)

They wave him greeting and cry: It is he! It is he!

(Elizabeth, the sister of Shastar, appears in the doorway of one of the cottages. She is clad in brilliant, scarlet robe. Close behind her stands Shastar, the wife of Joses, and Shastar keeps pushing the girl before her until she is outside the cottage door. Joses beckons slyly to the girl.)

JESUS *(greeting Mary with an embrace):* My good mother. It is long since I beheld thee.

MARY: My beloved son.

JESUS *(embracing first Joseph and then Joses):* My father and my brother, I have longed to see thee again.

JOSES *(with a great show of cordiality):* Ah, Jesus, my beloved brother, how long have we awaited thy coming! We have talked of thee each hour for days past and have planned a feast for thee. We have much to say, and we will listen to thy voice as thou speakest of thy journeyings.

JESUS *(sadly):* It is good to hear thy words. Alas, how I should rejoice could I tarry with thee. But the time is short. I must be about the Father's business. But a little while am I with thee. I go soon to be in the vineyard of the Lord with my disciples. The time for me is short.

JOSES: What sayest thou? Here we have made ready for thy coming. We have food enough for three days' feasting.

JESUS *(sadly):* Alas, Joses, dost thou still think more of the things of the body than of the soul?

(Joses looks perplexed. Mary smiles proudly at Jesus. Joseph looks from one to the other as if amazed and mystified. Suddenly Joses beckons to Shastar and Elizabeth, who are now standing outside the cottage. They draw near and bow low before Jesus.)

JOSES: Here, Jesus, is the wife of my bosom, and her sister, Elizabeth.

JESUS *(merely glancing toward the women and bowing):* It is good to see thee.

JOSES *(embarrassed at the pause that follows):* Elizabeth, serve us with the flesh of the lamb which we slaughtered yesterday, and with the oldest wine from the inn.

(Elizabeth bows and with a coquettish glance toward Jesus, who pays no attention to her, she goes into the cottage.)

MARY: My son, we have heard much of thy works.

JESUS: Ah, good mother, but what little can I do in the time left!

JOSEPH: Of late, my son, I have heard rumors that have worried me. It is said in the village that there are those who would harm thee because of thy works.

JESUS: Those in the village who spake thus, speaketh truth.

MARY *(in alarm):* My son, I have fears for thee.

JESUS: Save thy fears for those who would harm me. They are the ones who will most need prayers on the last day.

JOSES *(with a look of perplexity):* I do not understand thy words, brother, but why shouldst thou wander about the earth dreaming and preaching, with thy life in danger, while here in the carpenter shop is enough work undone to keep three good workmen busy from day to day? At thy age a man should be settled. Thou hast learned the trade of thy father well. Work is plenty these days, for even the humblest inn-keeper wants a house with sills from the cedars of Lebanon. Listen to my words, brother *(Joses is excitedly enthusiastic),* settle in life, choose a mate and join us in the carpenter shop. Thine enemies will soon forget when they see thee at honest work with a saw and hammer.

JESUS: Why waste thy words with me, Joses? How often hast thou talked to me in this wise before?

Thou wilt never know my heart. I have plead with thee often as thou now pleadest with me. How can the soul of a man who loves his cedar logs better than his God understand the heart of one who has talked with the stars and walked over the hills when God was painting dawn in the east?

JOSES *(with a gesture of impatience turns away and reaches out his hands to receive the wine jars and plates of food which Elizabeth and Shastar bring):* Here is the food, let us sit at table.

(There is a table, fashioned of boughs with a seat around it, in the yard. Elizabeth, Shastar and Mary place the food on the table and the men stand near. They seat themselves at the table. Jesus blesses the food, but Joses begins eating and drinking before the rite is finished.)

JOSES: This is choice lamb, Jesus, the best in our neighbor's flock.

(They all eat—Joses ravenously, Jesus very sparingly. Elizabeth keeps glancing coquettishly at Jesus, who ignores her, and Shaster looks on encouragingly.)

JOSES *(wiping his beard after a great draught of wine):* This wine, Jesus, is the best which the inn could procure.

JESUS: The body, Joses, can live on poorer wine or none at all.

JOSES *(taken aback):* But one wants good wine for visitors.

JOSEPH: The joy of thy visit has taken away my desire for food.

(They eat listlessly. Jesus has a sad, abstract look on his face and keeps glancing down the road. Elizabeth is restless and plainly disconcerted at her failure to make any impression on Jesus. Joses eats and drinks greedily and is ill-mannered and flatulent.)

MARY *(arising from her seat and turning to go):* I will return soon.

JOSES *(looking meaningly at his wife):* I must go into my cottage and rest.

JOSEPH: I have a saw to be filed by the smith in the village. I will return soon.

(Jesus nods as each one speaks. Joses and his wife go into the cottage, looking back meaningly at Elizabeth, who smiles at them reassuringly. Joseph takes up a saw from his bench and disappears down the road. Mary goes into her cottage.)

ELIZABETH: Tell me of thy wanderings, Jesus. *(Strikes an attentive attitude and rolls her large eyes.)*

JESUS *(to himself):* I feel that my disciples need me. It would not be strange if they should send for me.

ELIZABETH: Hearest me not, Jesus? Thy brother calls thee a dreamer. Tell me of thy dreams.

JESUS: What need to tell dreams to one who cares naught for dreaming?

ELIZABETH: But how knowest thou I care naught for dreaming?

JESUS *(sadly):* I can see thou carest more for a robe dyed with bright colors. The dreamer wants all tints to be in his dreams.

ELIZABETH: What strange words. And tell me, dreamer, are women ever in thy dreams?

JESUS: What use to answer thee? If any man spake to thee of a dream which held no women, thou wouldst believe him not. To thee, no man's dreams could be free of women and all those women should be thee; thus reasons thy mind.

ELIZABETH: Thou art a strange man. But thy words are pretty things. Thou hast a way with some women, no doubt.

JESUS: With none, for all women are afraid of the man who will not flatter.

ELIZABETH: And why?

JESUS: Women must be fed, and they perish without flattery. Their souls starve.

ELIZABETH: Thy brother tells me that thou hast never cared for women.

JESUS *(abstractedly):* What can be said to a woman who believes no man can live without one of her kind?

ELIZABETH *(impatiently):* Oh, why should I waste words with thee *(looks up and sees Shastar peering from the cottage door).* I must clear the table.

JESUS *(glancing down the road):* Ah, it is as I feared. I no longer belong to them. I no longer understand them nor they me *(rises with a joyful cry).* Ah, as I expected, Peter comes for me! I am needed!

(Elizabeth gives a scornful glance down the roadway, toward the disciple, Peter, who approaches leaning on his staff.)

JESUS *(hastening toward Peter, who approaches him with arms outstretched):* Peter, thou hast come for me? I am needed?

PETER: Aye, Lord.

JESUS: Wait until I go into the house to bid good-bye to my mother.

(Jesus hastens into the house and remains a few moments. Peter bends on his staff and looks about him. Elizabeth returns and takes a wine vessel from the table and looks at Peter with great disdain. The old disciple bows to the maid, but she walks away loftily. Jesus comes out of the house, and Mary stands weeping in the door. Jesus and Peter go together down the roadway. As they go out of sight, Elizabeth peers out of the door of Joses' house and spits after them.)

(Enter Joses. Elizabeth rushes to him, her eyes flashing angrily. She spits upon him and Joses recoils in surprise and fear.)

ELIZABETH: Thou hast played me a trick. Thy brother is not a man. No word of love did he utter to me. He spake to me in words I understood not, yet I know they were words which held a sneer. I, who have been sought by many men, wast spurned by this mad dreamer. Thou art the one to be blamed. It was thy words of yesterday that made me seek his favor. Fool that I was! Fool—fool! I curse thee, thou clod! *(Spits on Joses again.)*

JOSES: Listen, wench, I deserve not this tirade. What did I know of his attitude toward thee? Where is he?

ELIZABETH: Gone down the roadway with a ragged vagabond who called for him and to whom he spake as Peter.

JOSES *(in great surprise):* You say he left thy side and hastened away with an old man—a ragged vagabond whom he called Peter?

ELIZABETH: Oh, yes, I speak the truth. Ah, the shame of it, to think that I—I who have been sought by rich merchants and men who owned ten camels, should be spurned by a mad dreamer—a mere spinner of words. Oh, it is more than I can bear—*(begins to weep).*

JOSES *(bewildered):* A most unnatural man.

(Looks at the figure of Elizabeth with a lustful gaze.) Goes away from this damsel and follows a ragged vagabond down the road—ah, indeed a most unnatural man —a man to shun. *(Shakes his head sadly and walks away from the weeping maid, goes a few paces and turns again to look on Elizabeth who stands weeping with her robe drawn tightly about her, revealing her figure with its rounded lines. Then walks towards his shop muttering):* A most unbelievable thing—a most astounding thing. She tells me it is true—but I did not see it—I wonder—I wonder—

Curtain

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART V—CHAPTER XXXV

In the Punjab

Sir Michael O'Dwyer held me responsible for all that had happened in the Punjab and some irate young Punjabis held me responsible for the martial law. They asserted that if only I had not suspended civil disobedience there should have been no Jallianwala Bagh massacre. Some of them even went the length of threatening me with assassination if I went to the Punjab.

But I felt that my position was so correct and above question that no intelligent person could misunderstand it.

I was impatient to go to the Punjab. I had never been there before and that made me all the more anxious to see things for myself there at first hand. Dr. Satyapal, Dr. Kitchlew and Pandit Rambhaj Dutt Chowdhari who had invited me to the Punjab were at this time in jail. But I felt sure that the Government could not dare to keep them and the other prisoners in prison for long. A large number of Punjabis used to come and see me whenever I was in Bombay. I ministered to them a word of cheer on these occasions and that would comfort them. My self-confidence at the time was infectious.

But my going to the Punjab had to be postponed time and again. The Viceroy would say 'not yet' every time I asked for permission to go there and so the thing dragged on.

In the meantime the Hunter Committee was announced to hold an inquiry in connection with the Punjab Government's doings under the martial law. Mr. C. F. Andrews had also reached there. His letters gave a heart-rending description of the state of things there which left me with the impression that the martial law atrocities were in fact even worse than the press reports showed. He pressed me urgently to go and join him. At the same time Malaviyaji sent telegrams asking me to proceed to the Punjab at once. I once more telegraphed to the Viceroy asking whether I could now go to the Punjab. He wired back in reply that I could go there after a certain date. I cannot exactly recall it now, but I think it was 17th of October.

The scene that I witnessed on my arrival at Lahore can never be effaced from my memory. The railway station was from end to end one seething mass of humanity. The entire populace had turned out of doors in eager expectation, as if to meet a dear relation after a long separation, and was delirious with joy. I was put up at the late Pandit Rambhaj Dutt's bungalow and the burden of entertaining me fell on the shoulders of Shrimati Sarala Devi. A burden it truly was for even then as now the place where I was accommodated became a veritable caravanserai.

Owing to the principal Punjab leaders being in jail, their place, I found, had been properly taken up by Pandit Malaviyaji, Pandit Motilalji and the late Swami Shraddhanandji. Malaviyaji and Shraddhanandji I had intimately known before, but with Motilalji I came in close personal contact for the first time only on this occasion. All these leaders, as also such local leaders as had escaped the privilege of going to jail at once, made me feel perfectly at home among them so that I never felt like a stranger in their midst.

How we unanimously decided not to lead evidence before the Hunter Committee is now a matter of history. The reasons for that decision were published at that time and need not be recapitulated here. Suffice it to say that looking back upon these events from this distance of time, I still feel that our decision to boycott the Committee was absolutely correct and proper as also reasons for so doing.

As a logical consequence of the boycott of the Hunter Committee, it was decided to appoint a non-official inquiry Committee, to hold almost a parallel inquiry on behalf of the Congress. Pandit Motilal Nehru, the late Deshabandhu C. R. Das, Sjt. Abbas Tyebji, Sjt. M. R. Jayakar and myself were appointed to this Committee, virtually by Pandit Malaviyaji. We distributed ourselves over various places for purposes of inquiry. The responsibility for organizing the work of the Committee devolved on me and as the privilege of conducting the inquiry in the largest number of places fell to my lot, I got a rare opportunity of observing at close quarters the people of the Punjab and the Punjab villages.

In the course of my inquiry I made my acquaintance with the women of the Punjab also. It was as if we had known one another for ages. Wherever I went they flocked to me in numbers and laid before me their heaps of yarn. My work in connection with the inquiry thus brought home to me the fact that the Punjab could become a great field for Khadi work.

As I proceeded further and further with my inquiry into the atrocities that had been committed on the people, I came across tales of Government's tyranny and arbitrary despotism of its officers such as I was hardly prepared for, and they filled me with deep pain. What surprised me then and what still continues to fill me with surprise was the fact that a province that had furnished the largest number of soldiers to the British Government during the War should have taken all these brutal excesses lying down.

The task of drafting the report of this Committee

too was entrusted to me and I would recommend a perusal of this report to any one who wants to have an idea of the kind of atrocities that were perpetrated on the Punjab people. All that I wish to say here about it is that there is not a single conscious exaggeration in it anywhere and every statement made in it is substantiated by evidence. Moreover the evidence published was only a fraction of what was in the Committee's possession. Not a single statement regarding the validity of which there was the slightest room for doubt was permitted to appear in it. This report, prepared as it was solely with a view to bring out the truth and nothing but the truth, will enable the reader to see to what length the British Government is capable of going and what inhumanities and barbarities it is capable of perpetrating in order to maintain its power. So far as I am aware, not a single statement made in this report has ever been disproved.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by P.)

Free Our Political Prisoners*

Tom Mooney

We are not free, Tom Mooney,
  Who watch the autumn stars,
Though our windows are not grated
  With ugly iron bars.

You symbolize, Tom Mooney,
  Our rightful heritage.
We too are bound and beaten
  While you rot in your cage.

We pledge to you, Tom Mooney,
  The faith you love so well.
Ours is the way to triumph
  Though it lead through jaws of hell.

We pledge to you, Tom Mooney,
  To see the battle through.
Ours is the goal of conquest
  Because of men like you.

ROBERT K. HAUSER.

Earth—Siberia

(For all prisoners everywhere)

Earth is our green Siberia.
  Prisoner and exile there,
I too have heard the soldiers shout
Their anger, and have felt the knout
Upon me till the blood leaped out
  To spur the heart's despair.

I too have walked the bleak road
  Of exile, past the dead
Fallen beneath life's Cossack-blows . . .
Drowned in some deluge of the snow . . .
Or set for targets in sad rows
  And filled with sportive lead.

And I have seen my comrades face
  The firing-squad . . . the rope . . .
And I have found the black-bread scant,
And heard my own lungs sob and pant
Over the dust and adamant
  Of earth's unending scope.

The bayonets of circumstance
  Hedge me in thorny steel.
I pick the rope, I break the stone,
I grope in the black mine alone—
A Robot with a soul, unknown
  Save as a numbered wheel.

Mine are the convict's stripes, the head
  Shaven for diadem.
The golden suns go over me
With a majestic mockery,
Yet in my utmost agony
  My soul goes up to them.

Deep, deep within the mine, I think
  Of all their golden surge,
Of how they bring the life of Light
To the eternal cave called Night
(Vaster than that which holds me tight)
  With their calm, noble urge.

And I remember comrades who
  Were like suns come to earth;
Who faced the stern road, and the knout,
The rifles letting bright death out,
The black mine or the blizzard's shout,
  The prison's iron girth . . .

And past the night of rope or knout,
  Of prison-crust or chain,
Their heart, unbending, saw the day
Of Resurrection; and the play
Of lightning born from out the grey
  And looming clouds of pain.

Therefore in earth's Siberia
  I keep my courage pure.
Beneath the lash and chain I go
In proud serenity. I know
My heart, unbowed by blood or snow,
  Shall—taught by them—endure!

E. MERRILL ROOT.

Outrageous Schoolroom

You teach one lesson, little masters, teach it well
In that outrageous schoolroom called a prison cell:
Your justice is not ours, your heaven is our hell.

Whatever threatens your misrule you brand as crime;
You make each rebel trial a tragic pantomime.
You stop at nothing to exalt your unctuous slime.

How can we hold your pompous little courts in awe
When you so baldly rape and prostitute the law
And prove that you are right by beating bodies raw?

How can we think your vaunted country also ours
And honor it when you enslave us with its powers,
Your state a guzzling brute that, foaming blood, devours?

You sow red, steaming floods in which you will be drowned.
And those who warn you most are those you maim and hound.
Their voices grow the louder when their arms are bound.

You turn to frozen hatred hearts that once beat warm.
You sow the whirlwind. How escape the crimson storm?
Or hold it bound however much your jailers swarm?

Yes, it will tear asunder court and jail and slum
And purge the world of all of which you are the sum.
Repent! Redeem! Set free! Or face to wrath to come!

RALPH CHEYNEY.

(Ex-Political Prisoner.)

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*Information as to how to help free political prisoners may be obtained from the American Civil Liberties Union, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Study Table

A Denunciation of Denominationalism

This book* is overdue. It should have appeared years ago. But it is now all the more welcome for the delay, especially as it comes from the one man who, by reason of efficient and effective service for the great cause of Christian unity, is fitted above all others to voice the growing indignation of our time against the sectarian divisions of Christendom.

And with what sweeping fervor, what passionate power, is this indignation voiced in these stirring pages! We could wish that the book were more carefully written, and composed with more order and precision. The argument, if it may be called such, certainly gets somewhere, but it starts nowhere in particular, and wanders everywhere in general. But this book is no lawyer's brief! It is a prophet's fearless and flaming denunciation of a vested evil. All the criticisms that might be leveled against it from the literary viewpoint, could be leveled equally well against the prophecies of the Old Testament. And for the same reason—that, when a volcano blows up, its lava tides flow madly here and there. And incidentally sweep everything before them!

Dr. Ainslee's attack upon denominationalism is complete and thorough. He has sense of humor enough, amid his wrath, to see the ridiculousness of the hundreds of picayune divisions between the great and small sects of the Christian world. He sees the meaninglessness of these divisions—how the occasions of the separations have long since passed away with the passing of the theological controversies and ecclesiastical contentions which produced them. He is shocked at the sheer inability of the churches to practise even the ordinary civilities of decent behavior in their intercourse with one another. And he is appalled at the waste of energy involved, and the diversion of attention from the real problems of individual and social life. The book is brief, but nothing is left unsaid. We would like to bind a denominational secretary to his chair, and read the book to him, just to see him squirm.

The weakness of Dr. Ainslee's volume is in its neglect of the remedy for the evil so effectively held up to ridicule and condemnation. The author ends with a fine plea for unity, but he offers no program for such unity. Experience shows that appeals here are not enough. What is needed is statesmanship, and a new basis of religious organization. Such a basis has been found in the community church, which substitutes community life for theological belief. We wish that Dr. Ainslee had taken this great movement into account. But he may well reply—that's another story! It is, indeed. Dr. Ainslee's job was to expose and denounce a scandal—and this he has done as it has never been done before. Hurrah!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"The Scandal of Christianity," by Peter Ainslee. Published by Willett, Clark & Colby, Chicago. $2.

Shades of the Germans

Shades of the Germans! An interesting book* on the Higher Criticism! Higher Criticism *a la* Mencken. Who says there is nothing new under the sun?

Commencing in Lewis Browne's and Van Loone's style with the historic cursing of Spinosa in the synogogue in Amsterdam for daring to apply the tenets of scientific research to biblical study, the author of "Unravelling the Book of Books" unfolds a fascinating study of the resultant of such method to date.

What becomes of the fundamentalist doctrine of verbal inspiration when it is established that the Pentateuch was the work of four different authors? Ask John Roach Straton!

What happens if one agrees with Dr. Trattner that St. Paul did *not* write the letter to the Ephesians?

There is a refreshing refusal to compromise in the book, which is likely to make it anathema to those whose convictions rest upon a refusal to be convinced, but which should make it a joy to the honest searcher after truth in the realm of biblical knowledge and religious conformity. Here is a book not to be missed!

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

*"Unravelling the Book of Books," by Ernest R. Trattner. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, $2.75.

Correspondence

Why the Church?—Some Replies

I

Dear Mr. McAfee:

It is an honor to be asked by you to give an opinion on any matter.

Your article on the Church in UNITY comes to me as a statement like unto that of Mrs. Gerould in *Harpers Monthly* for May, entitled "The Unsocial Christian." She is making a plea for the intelligent and devout person who will not join the church. I think that your article is written in the manner of one looking in from the outside, and it does not satisfy one who looks on the church from within. You remember the old metaphor about stained-glass windows, that could only be understood from the inside.

I think the issue is much bigger than you make it. Your three reasons for justifying the church are all social and utilitarian. One cannot understand the church in terms of utility, nor can it be understood as within the field of social control. I am not saying that it is divine but I do say that it is not understood as a utility. Mankind finds in the church something beyond use, so that when you say that "the church is wanted to maintain a 'pulpit'" you belittle the prophetic spirit which turns to the church for a "pulpit."

Moreover, your second reason, "to afford opportunities and inducements to worship," is stated socially. Worship is an expression of overwhelming human passion and hunger. It is not a useful thing of itself, though it has uses, as you say.

As to your third reason, that "the church is wanted to supply a medium of concerted and wholesome social action," I doubt if the church has more duty at that point than a number of other organizations have. Its "social action" would not justify its existence.

Now, I will tell you what I think the church is for. It is, as Mrs. Gerould admits, the agency of reminding the world of Jesus Christ. The church is the major source of the Christian tradition. The church is the stream of imitations that come down from the Lord and the spiritual geniuses who lived both before and after our Lord. It is a great social disturbance, or stir, or wave of imitations in the world, transmitted from ancient times. I think Keble's article, which you will remember in the *Atlantic Monthly*, expresses the sociological nature of the church.

A second reason is well exhibited in the Catholic Church. You state it in the second section of your article. "The church is here. It is very much here. It has emerged from the past. It has been a determinative force in the making of civilization." The church is more than that. It is the past and the present. There is something about the church that makes the past contemporary with ourselves. Mr. Einstein is gnawing away at this conception and Whitehead states it, that past, present and future are relative. The church is the agency above all others, though not the only one, which betokens this truth. It is a truth that has interpreted God to some minds. You remember the "yesterday, today and forever" phrases.

Third, the church is much more than a utility. Walter Rauschenbusch once declared in my hearing that religion is our way of meeting and enduring the insupportable events in life, and he went on to define them as death, sin, poverty, and he said for each of them the church had a first duty. This behavior for the insupportable crises of life is a first reason for the church.

There is a fourth reason. A church is a body of like-minded people—this reason alone makes room for Protestant churches—of the same lineage and resembling one another in economic and social experience—to enjoy mutual and collective experience of the above three values of life. It is an expression of collective passion, of common aspiration. It is an opportunity for collective daring in things of the spirit. This is why the Methodist Church is such a joyous spiritual adventure to the successors of Wesley. It is not to be despised. We may wish that our minds were bigger, so that the church of this sort could be as big as the world, but it will never be so. In fact, I do not want the church to be so big that small and mean persons cannot be happy in it and comprehend it in their minds.

* * *

I am both glad and sorry for the church; I serve in it with pride and regret. But it is destiny for many of us, and the reasons for the church are beyond a satisfactory analysis.

WARREN H. WILSON, DIRECTOR,
Town and Country Department,
Board of National Missions,
Presbyterian Church.

New York City.

II

Whether or not we believe in the church, most of us would probably agree to this: something is needed to furnish inspiration and motivation for putting into practice the principles of human brotherhood. The church has been and is one dynamo of inspiration. If anyone doubt this let him examine the roll of those who are doing most for human betterment in his own city. Easily seventy-five per cent of these people were charged with zeal in the church. Let him examine the lists of those who are most concerned about the new brotherhood that will make for peace among nations. Many of these are believers in the mission of the church.

Now, if the church has done this, there is at least the possibility that it can do still more. There are barriers to greater accomplishment, to be sure, in the present make-up of the church, but with all its defects, if it can initiate and give impetus to these great movements, as it certainly has done, it is worthy of our earnest consideration as an instrument for future achievement.

The church has kept to the fore the life and teachings of Jesus. This, it seems to me, is its *raison d'etre.* Sunday after Sunday, day after day, the life of Jesus is held up before the eyes of men and women, boys and girls. Many times the unessentials have been stressed or theological accretions have been magnified, but, nevertheless, this much must be said: it is hardly possible for the facts of Jesus' life to be held up before men without something happening in the lives that visualize them, no matter how unworthy the interpretations may be. Jesus' life, revealing the eternal laws of unity through self-forgetfulness, speaks clearly even though it be buried at times beneath the debris of ecclesiastical dogma and tradition.

To say this does not mean that we must defend the church as it stands. Far from it. In fact, to say the foregoing earnestly is to be most insistent upon changing the church. Almost all, excepting the extreme ecclesiasts, of course, realize that the church is far from being a true instrument for revealing the life of Jesus. To believe in Jesus, therefore, is not to believe in things as they are, but to believe that His spirit will in time develop a more perfect instrument for creating human brotherhood.

Let us see, for a moment, some changes that are actually taking place.

1—The church is learning rapidly that if it is to express the life of Jesus it cannot be composed of bickering, competing sects; it must be one. Note the swift movement toward unity among the denominations of our own country, and the mushroom growth of non-denominational and interdenominational community churches.

2—There is arising in many quarters of the church the conviction that when once we really enter into the mind of Jesus we shall find ourselves beyond Christianity in a world family knit together by the love of God. In other words, when we truly know Jesus we will forget Him as a leader of a sect and see Him as a revealer of truth. That is to say, Jesus' spirit destroys Christianity in the sense that it merges Christians with all other followers of the Light.

If these things be true then, I can see no reason for throwing over the church, but every reason for clarifying and purifying its message, so that it may lose itself and find its better self in something broader and higher.

Especially do I feel this since it is true that the church holds the affection and devotion of thousands of people in our communities. Take the church away and it might require centuries to bring forth anything which would so call forth the allegiance and loyalty of men. Why not, then, take this tool which has done some things well, and as the inventor made a binder from the early reaper by changing it and building upon it, in like fashion change and build upon the church till it becomes worthy of the name of Jesus?

The approach to truth may be likened to a journey on the spoke of a wheel from the rim to the hub. As we near the center we find ourselves coming nearer to others who are journeying toward the center on other spokes. And finally, when we arrive at the center, we discover that we are on the same hub of truth. Any great leader of religion will guide us, I believe, to the hub. Consequently, I do not feel myself a traitor to the cause of truth when I declare myself a follower of Jesus. I believe that eventually, if I truly follow Him, He will land me on the central hub of truth. Then I shall comprehend what we but dimly apprehend now, that all the time we have been on the same wheel with other religions and that we are truly one.

Because the church cherishes the life of Jesus who was not a divider but rather a uniter of men, I believe in the future church and its possibilities as a mighty force in uniting a torn and distracted world.

CARL S. WEIST.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

III

Dear Mr. McAfee:

In "Why the Church?" you have certainly opened up a distinctly valuable discussion. I should like especially to stress "the Pulpit," or what I might call the prophetic office of the church. Parenthetically I might remark that it is extremely hard to classify churches under the general category of the church, when John Haynes Holmes and Dr. Straton can be near neighbors. But still, while it is true that the church, or many churches, still stone their prophets, or otherwise make life miserable for them, many others do not. And wherever a prophet is given a platform, and is allowed to utter himself freely, there is at least one cogent reason "why the church" should be perpetuated. Bishop McConnell (one of the unstoned, though perhaps not unstung prophets) tells of a church which after a year of a young and outspoken minister, reported to the powers that they wanted a change. The young man was too outspoken. They were, however, persuaded to give the young man a chance to show his powers, with the result that he became one of the leading ministers of the denomination, especially distinguished for the prophetic gift.

I sometimes wonder what would happen if the churches, or even a respectable minority of them, would take the attitude of the American Civil Liberties Union, and would consider themselves especially commissioned to elicit and foster the prophetic utterance on the part of their ministers, instead of the grudging toleration granted by so many churches to their ministers. Even so there are many and conspicuous prophets today, either occupying pulpits, or supported in their positions by the churches in official posi-

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

AN APPEAL FOR MOONEY AND BILLINGS

To His Excellency, Honorable C. C. Young,
Governor of the State of California:
Sacramento, California.
Sir:

We, the undersigned members of the faculty of the School of Law of the University of Oregon, after a careful consideration of the available evidence pertaining to the trial, conviction and subsequent history of the cases of Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings, respectfully pray for the exercise of executive clemency for these unfortunate men and especially for a favorable consideration of the application of Thomas J. Mooney for pardon.

It is our opinion that by reason of the exposure of the perjury of the chief witnesses for the prosecution, the revelations of the United States Government Investigator as to the dishonest methods employed by the prosecution, and the unanimous opinion of the court and jury on the evidence subsequent to the convictions, that the said convictions are not only entirely discredited, but that the inference is compelled that these two men were innocent of the crimes charged.

It is further urged that the plain and imperative demands of justice require the liberation of Billings and Mooney for the reason that the opinion of the judge and jury, as men, is entitled to more weight, in view of the subsequent evidence, than their opinion as a court, upon perjured evidence. It is, therefore, respectfully submitted that where the process of the law fails by its own limitations to do full and complete justice, but on the other hand becomes the agency for gross injustice, it is the appropriate and necessary function of the executive to alleviate matters to the end that a lasting reproach upon the law might not endure.

It would seem unnecessary to add that those persons and groups interested in the continued imprisonment of innocent men by reason of the conflict of economic and political opinion, adopt the surest method to alienate the public confidence in their institutions and work. Regardless, however, of the wisdom of such action, the obligation upon all public-minded persons is imperative to forbid the use of the machinery of the law to such ends.

Respectfully submitted,
CHARLES E. CARPENTER, Dean;
CHARLES G. HOWARD, Professor of Law;
BERNARD C. GAVITT, Professor of Law;
FOWLER V. HARPER, Professor of Law.

A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMISSION ON SOCIAL JUSTICE OF THE CENTRAL CONFERENCE OF AMERICAN RABBIS

Some years ago, in revising the Union Prayer Book which is the ritual of the liberal Jewish Congregations of America, there was inserted into the service of the afternoon of the Day of Atonement a prayer for Social Justice. The intent of this prayer was to translate into concrete terms of modern economic life the ethical message of Judaism on the most sacred day of the Jewish religious year.

A few extracts from this prayer bear repetition at the present moment because of their direct application of moral principles to many disturbing problems of our social and industrial life of today.

"While the problems of livelihood have always been urgent, never before have they pressed upon us so insistently and with such disquieting effects. What disturbs one now is not the fear that God's earth might cease to yield, but the unhappy realization of the growing discontent with the manner in which the earth's increase is shared and enjoyed by the human family. The world of commerce and industry is filled with threatening suspicions and antagonisms. Great plenty and abject poverty, limitless power and utter weakness exists side by side. These disparities are forcing themselves upon the attention of men and women as they have never done before.

"In seeking a solution to these problems we, the children of Israel, should hold foremost in our minds the belief of our fathers, that human life is of utmost value and that all duties and responsibilities have for their purpose the safe-guarding of the life of man and the furtherance of his nature as a child of God. . . . . .

"Our fathers have always been specially sympathetic with the hardships of those that toil. Lawgiver and prophet have warned over and over again that wealth and the possession of power tended to make men callous and insensible to the needs and struggles of others. On the very threshold of our history we were reminded not to forget how we felt when we were in Egypt as strangers and how the oppression and injustice of our taskmasters made us suffer. Labor is man's very life. Nothing comes into the world ready made. The things that we daily enjoy must first be conceived and planned by the human mind and fashioned and formed by the human hand. Let none of us, therefore, in the pride of possession forget the true nature and source of human wealth and be unmindful of the responsibilities of power. It is not possible for any of us, however strong and however wise, to control the destinies of our own lives single-handed.

"In thinking over industrial problems and struggles let us be on our guard against believing that the things that constitute the difficulties are in the order of nature and beyond the control of man himself, for in the end whatever troubles us in the world of business and industry has issued from personal covetousness, arrogance and cold indifference to the welfare of others."

We are furthermore reminded even more strongly of the thought expressed in this last paragraph by the first section of the Program of Social Justice

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tions in their respective denominations, or as editors of religious papers, without whom present-day society would be distinctly poorer. May their tribe increase.

JAMES A. FAIRLEY.

White Plains, N. Y.

Extracts From Endowment Letters

Your letter of April 25th, 1929, lies before me. I have not answered it before because I did not know how much I could give to the cause for which you make appeal. I do most assuredly appreciate the indefatigable work done by Dr. Holmes and his associates, and value UNITY as a strong force for righteousness, especially for World Peace. I send the accompanying check for one thousand dollars with the earnest hope that it may continue its good work for many years to come.

I shall be glad to hear the good news when the additional endowment fund of one hundred thousand dollars has all been raised.

My check is a small one, but I want to show my interest and loyalty to UNITY.

I regret that I am unable to contribute to the Endowment fund. My husband is still in the hands of a specialist, following an expensive illness. After an operation on my eyes I am still visiting the oculist. I would be proud to contribute if I could. I have been a subscriber for I think thirty-four years, and UNITY is the only paper I do subscribe to. My best wishes for its success.

I want to go on record that because I do not subscribe to the Endowment Fund is not for lack of appreciation of the value of UNITY as a force for righteousness. There are other lacks, that in my case are preventive, I am sorry to say.

A Correction

Editor of UNITY:

In my article in this week's UNITY (September 9th) on the suppression in India of Mr. Sunderland's book, "India in Bondage," I say of this book that it is a "remorseless *betrayal* of contemporary injustices under British rule." I of course intended to say *"portrayal."* This mistake in a way corrects itself, but for my own peace of mind, and Mr. Sunderland's, to say nothing of the virtue of accuracy, I beg that this letter be printed without delay. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, which warns us against an indifferent attitude toward the fundamental problems of economic life in their relation to human welfare. Under the caption, "The Duty of Social-Mindedness," that Program states:

"It is the tragic record of human kind that many of those who find comfort in the existing order often fail to apply themselves seriously to the ills that plague society. It is part of the great social message of the prophets of our faith that salvation can be achieved only through the salvation of society as a whole. It is, therefore, incumbent upon all men to study the ills of the existing social order and to form intelligent opinions on the subject of social reconstruction. Instead of questioning God's goodness because of the evils in individual and communal life, we should address our God-given intelligence to the extermination of those circumstances which allow slums, vice, feeble-mindedness, poverty, degeneracy and the like to continue, with only palliative efforts for their improvement. We call this situation to the attention of all elements in industry, employers, employees and investors. Too often are investors content to accept profits from industries administered out of harmony with principles of social justice. The investor has the moral duty to know the ethics of the business from which he derives his dividends and to take a definite stand regarding its moral administration."

Many are the signs of unrest, the fruits of evident social injustice which abounds today. The unsettled condition of the textile industry, both in New England and the South, can not be dismissed as solely an economic question, and above all, cannot be calmed or solved by policies of force or by specious appeals to class or sectional hatreds. There must be a solution in which the happiness and welfare of the thousands of toilers will be the first consideration. Profits may be necessary under our present economic structure, but profits are, under a moral civilization, at all times completely subservient to the rights and dignities of the human beings who labor in any industry.

The textile industry is not the only one in which unrest indicates the necessity of a finer definition of social justice. It is only the outstanding example at the moment.

Even aside from the concrete field of industrial life, there are other instances which evoke a strong protest in the name of social justice. Chief among these at present is the so-called Mooney-Billings case in California. There is apparently much ground for the suspicion that one or both of these men are martyrs of a persecution fostered through base perjury and actuated by the horrible bitternesses and hatreds evoked by economic struggle. Uneasy and insecure, indeed, is the society in which flagrant injustice can become the penalty invoked successfully against those who lead the battle for human rights in industry. No amount of external prosperity can ever safeguard a land or government in which even the suspicion of so horrible a perversion of justice finds no immediate vindication in terms of righteousness. Wealth and power can never sustain a state or nation where civic, social and political rights are insecure.

THE SECOND WORLD CONGRESS AGAINST IMPERIALISM

The Congress assembled in Frankfort-on-Main, Germany, July 21, 1929. There were about 500 delegates from all over the world, and they were greeted by an audience of over 4,000 people. Among the American representatives at the London conference were Ben Marsh, of The People's Lobby; Roger N. Baldwin, of the American Civil Liberties Union; Elizabeth Gilman, of Baltimore; and William Pickens, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Among the British speakers were Fenner Brockway, Member of Parliament, and Mr. Brailsford, and many others.

The World Congress, originally schedued for Paris, was transferred to Frankfort, it was reported, because France refused visas for delegates from North Africa and Russia.

All sections of the world and all races were represented at the Congress: North America, Latin-America, the West Indies; East, West, South and North Africa; the East Indies and Indonesia; and nearly every nation of Europe and Asia. The Chinese had the largest racial delegation, numbering about 60. There were 7 Negroes, 4 from the United States (two via Russia), 1 from Hayti, 1 from French North Africa, 1 from Kenya (British East Africa). Other parts of Africa were represented by whites—Belgians, Englishmen, etc.

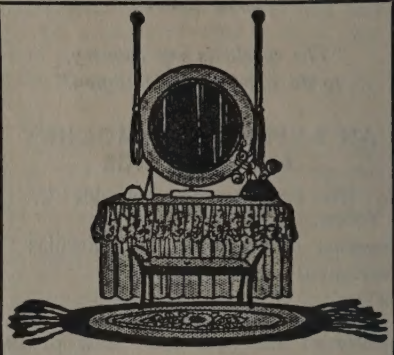
The Communists were evidently, perhaps a bit too evidently, in control of the general machinery and leading policies of the organization. There were many influential non-Communists, like James Maxton, of England; several of the American delegates, like Roger Baldwin and William Pickens; and some of the representatives of India.

The most important action of the Congress deserving the attention of Americans was the decision to call in Europe in 1930 a "World Congress of Negro Workers." This Congress will meet in London, if the British government will guarantee visas for African delegates and visitors—which is not likely. If the Congress is not held in London, it was voted to hold it in Berlin. If the Congress is held in London, the Communists hope to bring before the eyes of the British government a great aggregation of dissatisfied Negroes from all parts of the British Empire. If it cannot be held in London, they hope to use that fact to embarrass the Labor Government, or whatever British government is then in power, and to increase the publicity for a greater meeting in Berlin. For the Communists it is a game of "Heads—I win! Tails—you lose."

Judging Communist tactics for the future by their past, it is evident that this Negro Congress will embody a drive not only against the imperialist and nationalist oppression of Negroes, but also a drive to align Negro workers with the Communist political party. The wiser Communist leaders should realize that such a show of party alignment and party propaganda would not react to the advantage of Negroes in America or elsewhere in the world.

WILLIAM PICKENS.

New York City, N. Y.



IN SEPTEMBER

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